

Afghanistan's Terrible Ameer.

Every once in a while the ameer of Afghanistan bobs up as a personage of importance. Just now, when England is watching her Indian frontier closely, he holds the center of the stage.

In appearance the ameer is forbidding, though he has a very pleasant smile. When his lips part, the corners of his mouth curl up, and he shows a double row of very white and very even teeth. While he is strong in his friendships, he is not at all certain, but is of fiery temper and apt to change. He remembers kindnesses, however, and if treated uniformly well will not turn upon his friends. But woe to the ruler or nation that trifles with him. The ameer will not countenance anything like interference with his plans, nor will he allow any one to dictate to him. Turkey may be the most buffeted nation of earth, but Afghanistan is treated with respect.

In religion the ameer is a Mohammedan. The followers of Mohammed believe that God rules in heaven and on earth. They believe that He is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient. They believe in the ten commandments and the golden rule. They oppose usury, murder and theft. They do not eat pork and believe that a man should mind his mother and his business. They reject Christ as the Son of God, but believe Him to have been a great man, next to Mohammed.

With such principles as these, allied to wealth and power, the ameer has a personality which is not to be slighted, and he controls a country which is worthy to rank high in the world.

To be liked by the ameer has been England's greatest Asiatic desire, and so eager did she become in his regard four years ago that she invited Nair Ulah Khan, the second son of the ameer, to come to London and make her a visit.

Dorchester House, in Park lane, one of the most magnificent houses in London and the property of Captain Helford, a member of the Prince of Wales' suit and a great swell, was placed at his disposal. Its splendors were known far and wide. The interior decorations included rare woods and marbles of priceless value. The bedroom selected for the Prince was furnished in pink silk and birdseye maple and was dazzling.

The young Mohammedan prince lived there, going into English society and entertaining. But in spite of England's best endeavors she could not please his young royal highness. He went away displeased because Lady Lansdowne, in décolleté, attempted to take his arm at a reception. He was offended because a committee, headed by the lord mayor, called upon him at the unearthly hour of 10 in the morning, and, more than all, he was hurt because the Prince of Wales did not come daily to spend several hours upon his knees in prayer with him, for which purpose the ameer's son had brought a special prayer rug all the way from Afghanistan with a pointed pattern for the chin of the Prince of Wales and two triangles upon which his hands could rest, while oblongs were carefully worked in the rug for his feet.

Gladstone, Rosebery and Salisbury were deeply chagrined at this failure to please the favorite son of England's most powerful foe, and for awhile England trembled but nothing came of the diplomatic disaster.

Russia on the north, has been also for 20 years courting the favor of the ameer. Now that the time has come when Russia will take the initiative steps toward getting the ambition of her life—namely, a passage to the Indian ocean—the ameer comes out openly and says he will oppose her. In the most remarkable state letter of recent times he declares 'England's interests are my interests; England joys are my joys; England's woes are my woes.'

At the same time he declares that he can bring all Islam to his side to fight with him for England and against Russia, and so he cheers the heart of the queen.

Afghanistan may be destined to hold an important place in the history of the next century. Surely, if she grows in power and as an ally of England, her prestige will be increased.

The courage and undaunted boldness of the Afghan will bear comparison with those of any nation, and many are the instances of personal bravery known to British officers. There lives in the Yusufzia country an old chieftain, the hero of many fights, who now enjoys a well earned pension, with the village manor as a reward for honorable service, and who on more than one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer.

Colin Mackenzie, one of the Kabul prisoners of 1842, often told the story of that Afghan chivalry which protected the lives and honor of English ladies in the excitement of a national rebellion. Nor are they slow to appreciate the quality of bravery in others.

In the frontier war of 1863 a young English officer was deserted by his native sepoy and for some time held his own in the midst of a crowd of Afghan warriors. When the brave young soldier fell, covered with wounds, the very men who had cut him down bore testimony to the indomitable pluck of the young Englishman, who, rather than run with his men, faced the foe and died like a man. They raised one united shout in the Afghan language as he fell: 'Bravo, bravo! There's a brave young fellow!'

But they are revengeful and jealous, and if England gets them as allies she must handle these terrible fighters of the mountains with gloved hands.

OVERAWED THE STRIKERS.

Thompson Showed Them That He Was a Dead Shot and Violence Censured.

"Whenever I read of strike riots," said a civil engineer, "I recall a small one that I witnessed years ago which was an object lesson. This strike was ordered in a big coal yard on the lower west side of town which was owned by a friend of mine whom I may call Thompson. Thompson was not a big man, but he was an expert revolver shot. It was his pet fad and he spent a lot of time and burned much powder to perfect himself in it. He could hit coins thrown in the air and do all the well known tricks with a revolver. In his coal yards were employed twenty-five or thirty husky coal handlers and when they were ordered on strike they started in to make trouble at once.

Thompson engaged a new gang of men and sent them round to his yard but they were beaten off by the strikers. Several very serious assaults occurred there on the first day of the trouble and Thompson was warned to stay away if he valued his life. He sent back word that they might expect him early the next morning and that he wanted to see all the strikers in his yard to talk to them. The gang assumed that this meant capitulation on his part and they celebrated accordingly. Thompson invited me to go to the yard with him next morning and see the fun. We found the strikers there to a man. They looked confident. Thompson told the men to stand at one side of the yard. They obeyed, wondering what he proposed to do. He stepped over to the side of a big shed and with a piece of chalk drew roughly the outlines of a man. Walking back about fifty feet he said to the strikers: "I understand that you have handled some men pretty roughly in this neighborhood and you threatened to do me up if I didn't yield. Now I am not that sort of a man. You fellows have made a mistake. I came here this morning to settle this matter and I am going to do it without the aid of the police. In an hour's time I expect a new gang of men here and I will see to it that you don't interfere with them."

The strikers were ugly at this unexpected statement, but before they could advance Thompson pulled his revolver and fired five shots as fast as he could pull the trigger. Every shot went into the head of the man drawn with chalk. He loaded his revolver and put next five shots into the chest of the chalk man. Then unloading his revolver he turned to the strikers and said:

"Now you loafers get out of here. I don't want to have to shoot you, but I will do it if you make a break at me or at any of my new men. Cl ar out, now, quickly."

They did clear out and when the new men arrived Thompson was on the walk to meet them. Not one of the strikers dared to interfere. Some of the strikers came back later, but none of them offered any violence to Thompson. He had made his point.

Passed the First Stage.

He was pumping for all he was worth and that means a good deal of horse power

when the particular he weighs two hundred pounds, is without spare flesh and an athlete. He was cutting out a terrific pace over the Woodward avenue asphalt, for he was late for dinner. When the wheel struck her it was a glancing blow, but sent her sprawling to the other side of the street car lines. He sailed gracefully through the air and turned a final flip flop into a baby buggy, then untenanted, now no more.

Tender hands carried her into a drug store, and he favored all kinds of tender spots as he limped after. She laughed merrily, and sympathetic onlookers said it was the brain—knocked silly. But she got her breath, and her eyes danced as she thanked the wilted athlete.

"I'm awfully, awfully sorry," he groaned. "And I'm awfully, awfully glad, if you're not too badly hurt. No, don't protest. I know just what I'm saying, and mean it. Come back here away from this crowd. Sit down. Take some brandy. That's it. I can never thank you enough."

He looked hopelessly at the druggist. "Don't be foolish. I haven't a bruise or a pain, and my head's as clear as a bell, if I do seem foolish. It's this way:—I went to a palmist last month, just for a lark, you know. 'What's this?' he exclaimed as he looked at my hand. 'It's an accident, and a bicycle accident, too. Don't laugh, it'll come sure. Ah! this is better. You're going to marry a man worth \$50,000. It's fate. It's written there as plain as day.' Well, I've been knocked over with the bicycle."

"Funny," he mused that night, "fifty thousand is just what was left me, and I haven't touched a cent of it. Deuced queer coincidence. All rot, of course."

But he is increasing the number of evenings a week for calling on her just as rapidly as she and the parents will permit. —Detroit Free Press.

A Frank Critic.

Would you think from looking at me that I ran a country newspaper?" said the portly party with a chuckle. "Well, I did, and lived to tell about it, too. It was a case where the honor was thrust upon me not of my own choosing. I was forced to foreclose a mortgage that I held against a country newspaper, and being unable to sell the plant, I was forced to run it myself. I

was younger than I am now, and I took hold with all the enthusiasm of youth, fully resolved to fill a long felt want. I had an idea that I was cut 'out for an editor, and I thought that the paper might be a stepping stone for far greater things.

"Well I came out with a burning editorial with the time honored formula that we were there to stay, and that we wanted it understood from the first that the paper would be run on a strictly cash basis, and that it would be useless to bring in wood, squashes or potatoes on subscription.

"Well, it wasn't two days later that I chanced to look out of the back window of my office and there discovered an old farmer unloading a load of wood.

"What are you doing there?" I shouted.

"Thought I would bring you down a load of wood on subscription," he answered.

"Now, it so happened that I was out of wood as well as money, and with no idea where either was coming from, so I allowed him to go ahead, realizing for the first time that a country editor had to take what he could get and be thankful.

"I found the wood too green to burn, and running across the old man the next day I went for him.

"What is the matter with the wood?" he asked.

"It's green!" I shouted.

"Wul, guess it ain't [any greener than you be," he retorts].

"I felt the force of what he said and retired as gracefully as I could, not only from the discussion but from the editorial chair as well."—Detroit Free Press.

Heart Palpitation.

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, but Ultimately Found a Cure Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gavel, wife of P. H. A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—

"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures by going to the root of the disease. They remove and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In the Hands of Friends.

The farmer had just arrived in town.

"What," he asked of his new found friend "is a bunco steerer, anyway? I have seen a great deal about them in the papers."

"Of course," replied his friend, "you know what a bunco is?"

"Certainly," replied the farmer.

"Well, a bunco steerer is merely a man who steers another man to his bunk when he is unable to find it himself. He is a guide, a philosopher and a friend. And now, that question disposed of, I would like to show you where you are sure of getting not less than \$50 for \$1 if you follow my advice."

"Do you think you could pass any examination on topics taught in the high schools?" asked the friend.

"Maybe I could," answered Senator Sorghum, "if my getting an office depended on it and I could have a chance to talk business with the people that fixed up the questions beforehand."

She—Oh, no. They're not in trade. They have a family tree, I'd have you know.

He—Yes, but it grew from a small manufacturing plant back in early twenties.



IN THE MEADOWS OF HOLLAND.